



JAN VALTIN, AUTHOR OF AMERICA'S NO. 1 BEST SELLER, "OUT OF THE NIGHT,"
LOOKS AT A MAP OF A WORLD IN WHICH HE MADE HISTORY AND LIVED IT

The Truth about Jan Valtin **THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS**

JUL 8 1941

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JAN VALTIN

Dear Mr. Valtin,

Talladega, Ala.

I am a boy 15 years old and I have a copy of your book. I am almost sure that I am the first person in my school that has read the book. It is the most interesting and the most thrilling book that I have ever read.

I am enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Please send me a short letter or your picture or your autograph or anything that I can put in my copy of your book. I have already pasted several newspaper clippings in it. I have been watching all the newspapers for clippings about you.

You may be a German or even a Communist, but here's one American boy that's for you.

Lots of luck,

DAVIS WEAVER

Who Is Jan Valtin? Library University of Texas Austin

The Sacramento Bee, noting that Valtin's book mentioned that he spent a thousand days in San Quentin Prison, checked the prison records and discovered that Valtin's life paralleled the life of a certain

prisoner. *The Bee* was the first to announce Valtin's real name as "RICHARD JULIUS HERMAN KREBS . . . Krebs is the only one who fits the description of Valtin."

The Truth about Jan Valtin

With the publication of *Out of the Night* JAN VALTIN became a figure of national interest. From the day of publication his book has been the center of a raging controversy regarding its authenticity. It was rumored that VALTIN did not exist. Later, that he did exist but never wrote the book. Later, that he did write the book but could not possibly have lived the fantastic adventures recounted in *Out of the Night*. Now that America's greatest critics and public figures vehemently proclaim themselves convinced of his book's authenticity, JAN VALTIN is being savagely attacked by the sinister forces he exposes with such merciless detail.

At this crucial moment of history, *Out of the Night* is so important and so unique that we as its publishers feel we owe it not only to the author and book, but to the American public as well, to keep its meaning from being destroyed. Before acceptance of the manuscript of *Out of the Night*, Alliance made a careful investigation which did not leave the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of JAN VALTIN's statements. Following the publication of the book, there has been such strong and conclusive evidence from readers, many of whom had been in close contact with the scene of the events described in *Out of the Night*, that we have prepared this booklet so that their united voices may silence, once and for all, the doubters whose influence extends greatly beyond their numbers.

***Out of the Night* by JAN VALTIN is the true autobiography written by Richard J. Krebs. It is an authentic historical document of our time.**

212 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

— ALLIANCE BOOK CORPORATION

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The following unsolicited letters, reprinted exactly as they were written, are from one of Valtin's fellow-prisoners, one of his shipmates, and a friend of his father.

Dear Mr. Krebs:

Los Angeles, February 26, 1941

Have just finished your book *Out of the Night* and I wish to express my admiration for the fact that it was possible for you to survive such superhuman suffering.

I made the acquaintance of your Father in Singapore in 1909 and 1910. . . . I still remember that he did something extremely decent for me, something which only very few people would be ready to do.

I also knew Captain Peus of the Naval Academy in Bremen. The last I heard from him was that the "Party" forced him to resign and a Captain Woerdemann whom I also knew took his place. . . .

Naturally you will be in constant danger of being caught by the Gestapo or OGPU, and I hope this will never happen.

Wishing for you peace and happiness for the future, I am,

Yours, F. JANSEN

My dear friend:

Many years have past and lots of things have happened since I saw you, when we used to walk under the "shed" and talk things over. You were then German teacher under Dr. Shuder and I took over your class after you left.

Do you remember when you got mad about a fellow you sent to your Mother in Hamburg and the dirty skunk borrowed money from her and said that you told him to get it from her?

I am surely glad and proud of you that you have made such a successful entrance in the writing world and I am one of your friends who is asking no favors from you, whatsoever, only am glad that you "have arrived". . . .

Let me hear from you anyhow and best of the best to you from your old friend

T. R.

San Francisco, March 1, 1941

(now—Bruce Van Skander, which is my new name by law.)

Dear Jan,

I don't know if you remember me, probably not, it seems a million years since 1929. Anyway we left the good old U. S. together on one of the French line, I think it was the De la Salle. . . . By the way the reason I spotted it was *you*, was the story of how you greased your hide to get through the port on your arrival from China, remember the bananas you pinched from the poor heathen chinese, etc., you used to swap a lot of yarns, but maybe this is enough for you to remember me by. . . . Well good luck to you.

Your friend, ARCHIE A. CHRISHOLM

Toronto, Ont.

The Commonweal

Excerpts from a review by
FATHER H. A. REINHOLD

*"One of the few men in America able to judge
the reliability of Valtin's book gives his verdict."*

The author of this article, Father Reinhold, became a Roman Catholic priest after having served in the German army during World War I. He was a founder of the Apostolate of the Sea, and his home town was Hamburg, the center of Jan Valtin's activities. Father Reinhold was active as a Seamen's Chaplain on the waterfront of Hamburg in the years from 1929 to 1935 — years Valtin writes of. Father Reinhold is now Seamen's Chaplain in Seattle, Washington. His address is: The Catholic Seamen's Club, Third Ave. and Marion St., Seattle.

In the beginning it seemed easy to write a review of *Out of the Night*. It is so close to the scene and time of my own life that it almost appeared impossible that I had never met "Jan Valtin" or heard of him. . . .

Hamburg, the center of his activities is my own home town, and its waterfront was the scene of my activities as a seamen's chaplain. For years I was stationed in Bremerhaven, and often I had to go to the ports of Bremen, Lubeck, Kiel and Stettin. In my organizing capacity I visited my fellow chaplains at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Le Havre and the British ports many a time in the years from 1929 to 1935. . . .

We were all alarmed when the strike at Leningrad and Sebastopol reflected on our Bremerhaven boats, and when the strikers were tried in Cuxhaven and on the Kiel Canal locks. But what did we know about the events behind the scenes? Now that I have read Valtin's book, scales fell from my eyes. . . .

I remember very well the incident in Norway which Valtin describes as having taken place when he brought German-built ships to Murmansk on his short career as a skipper. The papers were full of it — and Bremerhaven too!

There were lots of seamen who were nazis and communists and pretended at the same time to be Catholics. . . . We had lots of nazi and communist spies; seamen with membership cards and badges, either communist or nazi; but who could take such things very seriously in an orderly, democratic state?

Jan Valtin has opened my eyes and like lightning, illuminating the whole firmament, the patched scenery suddenly grows into an organized whole, and the two competing forces become rival armies with shock troops and cannon fodder, secret services and general staffs and a continuous strategy. . . .

His description of the Hamburg Gestapo headquarters, the character of Streckenbach (not Schreckenbach, as he calls him) are sober and bring back to me less terrible and agonizing hours which I spent in its walls and face to face with the chief inquisitor, "Johnny" as he was called by his nazi friends. Little details show that Valtin is trustworthy; e. g., the case of his fellow prisoner in Fuhlsbuettel, Colmitz, whom his guards hounded to death. (His wife and sons live in this country). I knew him well enough, as he

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On the following pages we have reprinted a letter from a Professor at the University of California, identifying Valtin as an ex-student; a librarian who worked at the University in 1928 and 1929 and knew Valtin's stories; and a character sketch which Valtin (then *Richard Krebs*) wrote for the *San Quentin Bulletin*.

Dear Mr. Valtin:

January 25, 1941

Looking into your book *Out of the Night* I have decided that you are my old time and most distinguished (maybe I should say only distinguished) student and graduate of my journalism courses.

You appeared as a student under a different name, which of course, it is not necessary for me to give now. . . .

I feel gratified in your writing success — I did not think I could be wrong in my estimate of your ability. I was sure you had IT, and would produce if your perilous temperament permitted you to last until you had the chance to do the writing. However, I have feared that you might have been liquidated by Mr. Hitler, personally or vicariously. . . .

Do you remember that in 1929 I took two months leave from my work, and another Examiner man, Phil Hindley, carried on my course! It was Hindley who first identified you to me from the Book of the Month Club write-up. I made a further check — and there you were! . . .

During the past ten years I have often wondered what had become of you. While I can't envy you in your experiences, I can congratulate you on your writing success, and can feel like a prophet.

I would like to hear from you. ARTHUR PRICE, University of California Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Richard Krebs —

In 1928 and 1929 that name was an exciting and vital one to me, as it seems to be today to everyone.

It is now 2:30 in the morning, but having just seen your picture in the current "Life", I feel I must write this swiftly now, or not at all.

During the years I mentioned, I was a clerical worker in the correspondence department of the University of California Extension Division.

It was I who unwrapped the San Quentin package, and hid behind a post to read your lessons, enthralled with your vivid sea stories. . . .

These many years I have watched for your writings. I thought I had found you in "Death Ship" by B. Traven. If you know his books, I don't think the comparison will offend you. . . .

Praise from me at this late date may seem excessive. However, over a period of this many years I have often thought of you and wondered where you were, and what you were writing. . . .

VIRGINIA HANRAHAN, Librarian, St. Helena, California

FROM THE SAN QUENTIN BULLETIN, FEBRUARY, 1930

The Redacteur

By RICHARD KREBS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Before leaving San Quentin last December 5 for his former home in Germany, Richard Krebs typed the following description and character study of the then editor of *The BULLETIN* who has since also departed from this jail of tiers. The Redacteur is too widely known to need mention of his name to identify him; it suffices to say that he is a young man who "found himself" in prison — whether because of or in spite of incarceration is not for us to say.

Those who know the subject of Krebs' word-picture will appreciate his estimate; and, it is believed, other readers will appreciate the word-picture by this German seafaring youth who started to learn English, willy-nilly, in 1923, and developed the admirable vigor of tale-telling that permeates his various autobiographical travel and adventure stories hitherto published in *The BULLETIN*. . . . Prison co-workers of the author of the following study and of his subject look forward to brilliant careers for each of them in the field of letters; a career begun, in each case, on the staff of this prison publication of self-expression by prisoners and encouraged by the supervising officials of San Quentin Penitentiary.

HE IS A TALL MAN of urban aspect; skeptic, serene and unhurried under an antiquated green hat which he carries at an original and inimicable angle upon his dark and glossy hair — an angle that somehow tells a tale of the man. The hat is cool, unruffled — so is the Redacteur. The hat is tainted with an air of jaunty self-confidence and calculation; an air inherent in the even-tempered

nature of its wearer — a nature cunning and complex and vaguely saturated with an intangible snicker at the world of men.

The Redacteur is versatile. His capacity for adaptation gives the impression that he has the world gripped by its throat and tail. He writes novels; he plays the piano; he draws portraits. He stands his ground in serious discussion; yet he is endowed with a signal acumen for ragging, meaningless and ingratiating interjections, and a flair for writing windy editorials. He talks well; and when he speaks, his mobile features and arms leap into a crescendo of vivid pantomime that would even make a McAllister-Street merchant pause in admiration.

My friend, I gather, identifies himself with no creed or religion or any cause to which the militant and mediocre mass-man lends his collective drive. His sympathy goes out to them, it is true; but he is unwilling to risk the ultimate plunge into any of the meandering juggernauts, because he will not trade single course enthusiasm and fanaticism for the vast perspective of Life which to attain is his prime endeavor.

All causes, he terms as religion; and religion, he maintains, thrives on the promise to crush the strong for benefit of the nonentities. Hence, he must consider himself one of the strong. And he realizes that he was born, that he will die, that he will rot, and that life will roll on without

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The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTIETH YEAR



MARCH 1941



VOLUME 38, NO. 227

Out of the Night

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK

by
Jan Valtin

NOT OFTEN has a first-hand story been told of the secret revolutionary network, directed from Soviet Russia, which spreads its tentacles into every land. Made up of fanatics pledged to terrorism and destruction, its deeds have shocked the world whenever they have come to light.

Jan Valtin, a German communist, was a leader in that movement until he was caught by Nazi man-hunters. What he suffered, what he saw, in the torture chambers of the Gestapo, forms one of the grimmest passages in literature.

Out of the Night will be one of the most-discussed books of 1941. From this amazing, turbulent, 752-page autobiography (carefully authenticated by the publishers) certain highlights are here presented.

See "OUT OF THE NIGHT"

The Reader's Digest reports that its condensation of OUT OF THE NIGHT in the March, 1941 issue was given greater space than any previous condensation and evoked a tremendous response from its 4,000,000 readers.

LIFE OUT OF THE NIGHT

MARCH 3, 1941

by JAN VALTIN

"Jan Valtin" is the pen name of a former revolutionary agent of the Communist International. In the years between the last war and the coming to power of the Nazis in Germany, Valtin worked in parts all over the world, organizing strikes, inciting riots, fostering revolution. In 1933, while carrying out a mission in Germany, he was captured by the Gestapo and tortured in a concentration camp. He escaped from Germany by becoming a Gestapo agent.

Valtin's story of his life, called *Out of the Night*, was published in the U. S. in January. An absorbing tale of personal adventure, it also lays bare an amazing underworld of revolution and violence, organized and controlled from Moscow. *Out of the Night* (Alliance, \$3.50) stands at the top of non-fiction best-seller lists, is the February choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club and is being condensed by the Reader's Digest for its March issue.

LIFE herewith publishes the first of two articles made up of excerpts from *Out of the Night*. The second will follow next week. This article opens on a night in 1930, when Germany was in the midst of a furious election campaign.



The French rivermen's strike of August 1933 was planned and executed under the direction of Valtin and his group of Communists. These barges were strategically massed in the River Oise, blocking all traffic. The *Garde Mobile* finally broke them up.

RUNNING A FRENCH RIVER STRIKE

In August 1933 I was in Dunkerque, discussing the possibilities of a strike movement on the rivers and canals in Northern France. The campaign plan had been drawn up by the Western Secretariat. It aimed at nothing less than the throttling of the industries of the area by cutting off the raw materials which they received over the river and canal systems linking Paris with Lorraine and the Channel coast. Already the C. G. T. U., the communist-controlled Confederation of Trade Unions, had prepared the ground in weeks of strike agitation. The outbreak of the *bataille des bateliers* was merely a matter of days. To the Dunkerque leadership of the Communist Party fell the task of supplying a staff of experts who could transform the impending strike into a real battle by blocking the waterways to Paris with—ship barricades.

It was an hitherto untried form of large-scale transport sabotage. Wegscheider, I and our band of assistants journeyed separately to Paris. We came together again in the C. G. T. U. headquarters, on the Rue des Granges aux Belles, for a conference with René and the French Party leaders.

Benoit Frachon, the strategist of Bolshevik enterprise in France, spread out a general staff map of the Paris area. Military garrisons and stations of the *Garde Mobile* were marked in blue. Marked in red were places of confluence and strategic canal junctions.



This is Firelei, Jan Valtin's first wife. She joined the Communist Party to please Valtin and was captured by the Gestapo in Germany shortly after he was in 1933.



After Nazi prison Firelei looked like this. She was later re-arrested and died in a concentration camp in 1938. Their son, Jan, is now a ward of the Third Reich.

Life Magazine felt that Jan Valtin's career was front page news, worthy of the utmost attention of its readers. The above picture shows selections from the special picture sequences which ran in two consecutive issues of *Life*. This is the first time that *Life* has devoted two issues to illustrated articles on a book.

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noticing the disappearance of the *Redacteur*. Cruel, inscrutable and obscure! The result is a dismal sense of futility buoyed up by a pessimistic snicker and a monstrous vanity devoid of conceit.

Individualist idealism wages a losing skirmish against tolerant derision and healthy cynicism. Often, I find it difficult to decide whether the *Redacteur* is serious or not. He does not seem to give much of a hang for anything. He is a politician in the Voltairian sense. He is interested in mankind; and he privately despises its puny antics. He will have nothing to do with reform, nor radicalism under any flag. He believes in Dictatorship of Intelligence.

And meanwhile he takes the world as he finds it. He coolly uses its earnestness, folly and absurdity to serve his own ends.

"I know exactly what I want," he says. "And while doing what I want to do, I feed myself at the flanks of the fools."

Daring impudence, this; sophisticated and naive, for an ephemeral and impotent piece in the chess game of the Universe.

Once Omar wrote:

*The Moving Finger writes; and
having Writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety
nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half
a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a
word of it.*

Snicker, *Redacteur* . . . snicker and be doomed!

Readers of *Out of the Night* may be interested in looking up some earlier articles by JAN VALTIN, written a year before the publication of *Out of the Night*. See:

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, November, 1939

Communist Agent by JAN VALTIN

KEN, August 3, 1939 (*final issue*)

Hitler's slaughterhouse: the living hell of Plötzensee by JAN VALTIN

WYTHE WILLIAMS: "Jan Valtin has shown unbounded courage in writing his illuminating *Out of the Night*. It is important reading for every American."

COMMON SENSE: "This terrifying and beautiful book may some day be regarded as one of the most authentic tragedies to have come out of the years between the first two World Wars. Although it is autobiography, it has the total values of high drama and poetry. Although it is political, it embraces the tragic emotions, which in our time have so often been evoked by politics."

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

SHOULD VALTIN GET THE BOOT?

The book season's hottest shocker is *Out of the Night*, by JAN VALTIN—real name, RICHARD JULIUS HERMAN KREBS. Krebs claims to have double-crossed the Russian Communist and German National Socialist parties and lived to tell about it for 800 or so lurid pages.

Because Krebs admits having entered this country illegally and having once been a Communist, he is threatened with deportation under existing immigration laws. That would mean a trip back to his old acquaintances of the German Gestapo, who would dearly love to lay hands, truncheons, rubber hoses and pistol butts, if not a rifle sights, on Krebs.

We hope the Department of Justice will find ways of letting Krebs stay here; or that Congress will if the Attorney General can't. After all, Krebs-Valtin has performed a public service and given democracy an intellectual weapon.

Then, too, there are about 8,000 other deportable aliens dangling around in this country, of whom Attorney General Jackson says 6,000 can't be sent back to their native lands because Hitler or Stalin has gobbled up those lands. The whole situation seems to us to call for some changes in the immigration laws to fit changed times—and to fit the ancient American pride in this country as a haven for victims of tyranny everywhere.

INFANTRY JOURNAL: "This book contains the most thorough and — from this reviewer's own knowledge of Communist and Nazi activities, drawn from first hand unimpeachable sources — accurate account of the activities of the Soviet plunderbunds world-wrecking gangs so far made available to the public. . . . The book should be read by every American and especially by those who have the foolish notion that the disciples of totalitarian rule are just kind hearted people who have been soured by the persecutions of economic royalists. . . . Jan Valtin's publishers have discovered a new star in the literary firmament."

FROM A NEWS STORY IN THE *New York Mirror*, April 16, 1941:

Frank Lloyd, producer-director of Universal's *Lady from Cheyenne*, discovered while reading *Out of the Night* that the author in 1923 was an extra in a "sea picture with Milton Sills." In that year Lloyd directed *The Sea Hawk*, starring Sills.

Lloyd delved into his "still" collection. In a mob scene from *The Sea Hawk* he spied an extra he recalled as Krebs, the name by which Valtin was then known and the one under which he served a term in San Quentin.

"It is a great document, a work which must live for years to come. I think that every literate human being in America should read this work."

— JAMES T. FARRELL

"Out of the Night is the most terrific, most marvelous book written for years and I urge everybody to read it at once."

— WALTER WINCHELL

"Here for the first time, is uncovered the underground fanatical revolutionary movement of our time, of which Jan Valtin and his kind are but the preliminary sacrifices. Take it away Mrs. Lindbergh."

— CLIFTON FADIMAN

"Out of the Night has the 'feel' of truth. Among its multitudinous array of facts, I have been able to check a few, and have found them accurate. . . . It is not only a literary achievement of a high order, but an historical document of vast importance."

— JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

New Arguments for Freedom

from a review by PEARL S. BUCK in *Asia Bookshelf*

Out of the Night by Jan Valtin is a book like none other that has been written. This man obeyed an organization soulless to the core in its incredible demands upon those who yielded themselves to it. He was not evil as those were who directed it, and always he hoped that good would come out of his sacrifice. That it never did, grows throughout the book into a sort of sorrowful amazement rather than a passionate anger.

Without accusation or indeed clear explanation of any philosophies or analyses, the story describes literally hour by hour the movement of the whirlpool which is destroying him. There are pages of vivid writing that for quality can be rated high. But everything is overborne by the frightful meaning of the book. That all these details were factually as they are here written is perhaps doubtful. Exact conversations remembered after years are always doubtful. Yet this is unimportant. The reconstruction is as important as though it were an exact reproduction of fact.

Here in solemn simple truth is what happens to a man, when he gives up the independence of his soul to any organization which demands subjection from him. *Here is all the argument for freedom and democracy. Here is what happens to a human being who gives them up.* It is a book almost unbearable at times in its detail. But *its significance is enormous, and its meaning at this hour of human history is as wide as the world.* It is the story of that modern crucifixion of man, his complete depersonalization. Can any end remain good and unchanged at the cost of such evil means?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The excerpt from *American Dawn*, printed below, is from a nine-page article of that name by JAN VALTIN, copyrighted May, 1941, by the *Reader's Digest*, and reprinted with their permission. With the publication of *Out of the Night*, JAN VALTIN became a figure of national interest. Newspapers, headlining his name, filled columns with conjecture on his character, his motives in writing the book, his future. A flood of letters from all over the United States and Canada poured in, asking the author many questions as to his purpose in writing *Out of the Night*, his own stand at present in regard to Communism and Fascism, his feeling about America, and numerous other questions. To answer those sincere and important questions, MR. VALTIN wrote *American Dawn* for *The Reader's Digest*.

American Dawn

By JAN VALTIN

. . . I wanted to tell the people of America that neither the National Socialism of Hitler, nor the Communism of Stalin, nor any other tyranny, could ever succeed in bringing happiness into a single humble dwelling. I wanted to show to Americans what the totalitarian combination of propaganda and terror does to the human soul. I was obsessed by the will to pour into words the record of a past that began with a song of victory, and ended in the death of Firelei.

That was the beginning of the writing of *Out of the Night*. . . . Out of my memory tramped an endless caravan of men and women, heroes and cowards, loyal souls and cheats, hangmen, sailors, policemen, saints, prostitutes. Most of them were dead, some still alive, but as they marched by with lagging feet, each seemed to turn a face to me and say, "Don't forget me; I, too, was living; remember how I did things, the man-

ner in which I used to talk?" Frantically I worked to keep the imprint of their feet upon my pages before they passed and were gone.

And then came the vision of Firelei. She came, as I had seen her first, with a light step along the corridors of the Museum of Art in Antwerp. Next, the cluttered quayside of Siberia Dock, where she drew sketches of sailormen and ships. . . . I heard her scream in childbirth, and then her voice was ringing with quiet bliss when she heard that she had become the mother of our son. . . . I saw her eyes, burning with anger and compassion when friends were seized and beaten to death; she went to prison herself without bowing her head in defeat. . . . Firelei came into the pages of my book more fully alive than all the others.

Out of the Night was not written in one continual effort. There were

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many interruptions. It was an agonizing task to write a single page after eight or ten hours of toil. It would be presumptuous of me to insist that not a single error has crept into hundreds of pages written mainly from memory; but my memory, trained as it had been in 15 years of conspirative tasks, was good. After I had written 200 pages in rough notes, at the same time working in a lodging house where I cleaned 30 rooms and made 45 beds a day, I collapsed. A friend carried me to a hospital. Slowly I recovered. . . .

On September 1, as I typed the last word, I felt neither exhaustion nor triumph. The old hatreds and fears were gone. Once more the memory of Firelei stood clear and sweet as a tall flower against a background of azure. I had told my story and hers. I was at peace. . . .

... "Where do you stand now?" I am asked. "What is your political philosophy?"

Within me my answer is clear. I have ceased to believe in any "political program." But I have a conviction that human beings can struggle successfully for a form of life that is decent and just and fair, within the framework of democracy as it has been developed in the United States. I have learned from America that the right of the individual to free enterprise, the right to go and to work where he pleases, the right to rear his children in a society which affords them the chance to develop their abilities to the fullest extent — these rights are not the abstractions of dreamers, but concrete American realities worth any sacrifice.

Now that *Out of the Night* has found its way into thousands of homes, the cry has been raised: "Jan Valtin is an alien! He entered illegally and must be deported!"

True, I have come to America without observing the formalities of lawful entry. But I came the way millions had come to these shores before me — in search of freedom and opportunity. I came to America to elude the assassins of Hitler and Stalin, to begin a new life, to prove to myself and to other men that I am not unfit to lend a hand in constructive endeavor. I have not tried to hide from the American authorities, and I have answered their questions without reserve. I am ready to obey the laws of this country at the cost of any personal sacrifice. I speak not only for myself, but also for hundreds of other anti-Nazi fugitives now illegally in this country, when I appeal to America to let the black-coated man with the swastika badge in his lapel — the man who operates the guillotine in the yard of Plötzensee Prison in Berlin — to let that man wait in vain for victims from overseas. . . .

In the land of my youth, the lowlands along the raging North Sea, the peasants worked together to build dikes to dam the storm floods. The dikes were stronger than the destructive fury of the sea, but they needed tending, each day anew, to preserve their strength. Today I have no other political aim than to be a humble member of the vast crew of dike-builders at work wherever men prize their freedom and are alert to defend it. That is why I am glad and grateful to be in America.

American Federationist

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

From a review by KARL BAARSLAG, General Chairman,
Marine Division, Commercial Telegraphers Union, A. F. of L.

Yet paradoxically here is a haunting and beautiful piece of writing, powerful, dramatic, absorbing. Valtin's autobiography, written without literary flourishes or striving for propaganda effects, grips the reader's interest from page to page far more effectively than the wildest and most sensational fiction. . . .

I was howled down by the communist "faction" in control of the American Radio Telegraphists Association when I charged in 1934 that the Marine Workers Industrial Union of Roy "Horseface the Bishop" Hudson was a simon-pure communist fake. Valtin admits that he forwarded Moscow's subsidies from Hamburg to New York in 1930 to 1933. "The addresses to which this writer dispatched funds were 140

Broad Street, and Box 13, Station O, both in New York City." Valtin names both George Mink and "Horseface" Hudson as recipients of these Soviet funds "for the *Marine Workers' Voice*, for the maintenance of International Clubs, for wages of organizers, for the support of a special communist group in the Panama Canal Zone, and for communist activities in the U. S. Navy and Coast Guard. . . ."

I lived in Germany for several months in 1931, 1932 and 1933 and I can vouch for the factual accuracy of Valtin's account. . . .

Out of the Night should be compulsory reading for every labor man in the United States, for every liberal and public figure. . . .

(continued from page 5)

was a fellow student in Freiburg in 1919. . . .

Valtin's book is terrible and cruel. We will never be able to verify every single statement he makes. But I have checked as many of his stories as possible against my own experience and information, and I have found him correct wherever I could check up, and that is no little. I have been in contact

with a former leading communist, through a mutual friend. His verdict was: "This book is extremely reliable in all things concerning facts and persons. In hundreds of places where I was able to check up, it is absolutely accurate. . . ."

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